You Are Naughty, Miss Lounds

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You Are Naughty, Miss Lounds

by Tina908

Summary

Hannibal is not happy about the Freddie Lounds article “It Take One To Know One”

Hannibal is 48 and Will is 36

Notes

English is not my first language and therefore there will be some smaller mistakes.

See the end of the work for more notes

Freddie stood in her small bathroom in the middle of smearing cream on her hands when there was a knock from the front door.

“Who is it?” She called out carefully. She didn’t expect any visitors at this late hour.

On her way to the door she closed her computer, no matter who it was she didn’t want them to see the article she had been working on all night.

“Who is it?” She called out again, but still no answer.

A little cautious, she slowly opened the door.

Her confusion didn’t get any smaller when she saw who it was. Doctor Hannibal Lecter was dressed in a full body suit that was transparent. Both of his hands were covered by cloves of the kind doctors and dentists used.

“Good evening, Miss Lounds.” Dr. Lecter greeted politely. “May I come in?”

Freddie slowly regained conscience. Her head hurt from whatever drug Dr. Lecter had used to knock her out.

With much trouble she managed to open her eyes. She was in some sort of basement.

When she looked down she noticed that she was tied to a chair with zip ties on both hands and feet,

They didn’t butch a millimeter when she tried to get loose. After some time she gave up.

Freddie didn't know how long time had passed since she had woken up when she heard the basement door open.

Freddie felt her blood freeze to ice at the prospect of being face to face with Dr. Lecrer once more, but it wasn’t Dr. Lecter who came down the stairs, instead it was Will Graham.

“Mr. Graham, please help me.” She was careful not to be too loud in fear of notifying Dr. Lecter.

But instead of coming to her rescue Mr. Graham walked over to the sink placed in the left corner of the basement.

“M-Mr. Graham?” Freddie asked nervously, not understanding what was going on.

“Yeah, sorry but I’m not really here to save you.” Mr. Graham said without looking at her as he dried his hands.

“Y-you’re not?” Her fear was starting to be noticeable in her voice.

“No.” Mr. Graham answered and placed the towel back on the wall before he walked over to where Freddie was seated. “I’m actually just here to help Hannibal with the preparations for

dinner."

"D-dinner?" Nothing Mr. Graham said made any sense to her.

"You should be happy that it's me and not Hannibal." Mr. Graham said as he squatted down before her. "He's really angry about the article so he would definitely make it hurt more."

End Notes

Thank you for the read! I hope you enjoyed it <3

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